



Will you still love me tomorrow when you find out who I am today?



Chaz
 [cvillette](#)

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MOOD: 😕 confused

MUSIC: Peaches - Fuck the Pain Away

Oh, man. Look at those cavemen go.

...Hafs, I owe you dinner. Also, the Boy can stay, if you want him. (I will not go so far as to declare him worthy, because of course there are no Boys worthy of your majesty, but at least he knows a lot of very funny very dirty jokes.)

Why have I never been to see Rasputina before?

The revolution

Sometimes it depresses me.

And so here I am home, and for some reason, I want to listen to everything *but* Rasputina. And I don't want to sleep. As if trying to get back there would break everything. As if when I sleep, the night will vanish like the memory of a dream.

Maybe it *was* a dream. The kind that when you wake up, you're kind of sad wasn't real, even if it had a melancholy edge.

Maybe I'm overplaying my hand.

There was this girl I knew in college, a really good friend. The last really good friend I had before you guys. Her canopy fouled one day, and-- you know. The predictable thing happened.

Her name was Ramona, like in the Beverly Cleary book. Is

anybody named Ramona anymore?

But she liked me. As people, not as a guy. And she told me something that kind of made me understand women more than I had before. Which was that she--and by extension girls in general--was worried that she was good enough to fuck, but not good enough to marry. I don't think it's just women who feel that way. I think men are just brainwashed to believe they should like it.

I wonder, though. If you're not blinded by infatuation, hormones and pheromones, is anybody good enough to marry?

*So many things to say
And all of the games we'd play don't matter anyway
Cause I'm so lonely
The sex is empty
But this kind of lonely makes it easy to tempt me*

Female baboons will often bear a first offspring by the dominant male in their group. But subsequent offspring are fathered by the males who hang around, befriend the females, and help take care of the babies. What am I talking about, anyway? Evolutionary psychology is 99 & 44/100 bullshit.

Hahs, you know what? I wonder if our pheromones are wrong. If it's got nothing to do with us. It's just that potential mates can smell that we're not quite right.

That would be... kind of comforting. If it wasn't our fault. You know?

I was happy in the harbor when you cut me loose.

God, that was a fun concert. Good music. Good company. Quite possibly, one good vodka martini too many.

I think I might be drunker than I thought. So even if it is a dream, I should drink an awful lot of water and try to sleep, because morning comes early.

Goodnight moon.
Goodnight stars.

I hope you're all still here in the morning, and I remember where I left you.

*Oh if every angel's terrible
Then why do you watch her sleep
You love to hear her sing
And wear purple eyes like rings
Well the flowers have no scent
And the child's been miscarried
Oh every angel's terrible*

TAGS: [concerts](#)



[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Puppet puppets. Scary.](#)

2 comments



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[December 10 2007, 18:18:19 UTC](#)

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Psst.

T. is good enough to marry.

So are you. And O.

(Me, I have my doubts about, but T. is apparently quite blind to my faults--or willing to tolerate them--and I'm hoping she stays deluded.)



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[December 11 2007, 02:44:30 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

No more dinner bets.

I think you guys packed the club.